

Sixty H's: The Complete Thirty H's Saga

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Sixty H's: The Complete Thirty H's Saga

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Summary

Thirty H's + Thirty More H's = The best Harry Potter fanfic of all time.

THE COMPLETE THIRTY H's SAGA

Authors: Secondpillow & xandermartin98

THIRTY H'S by Secondpillow

CHAPTER 1: GROINSAWS

Dobby relished his groinsaw's roar as he withdrew the flesh-choked blade from the astronaut's ruined skull. He turned to Harry, thrusting his bloody, retina-covered pelvis with elfin fervor.

"How does Ronnie Ron taste, master?"

Harry spat out an eyeball. "Like some kid with eyes."

Dobby ducked an astronaut's poison barbed fist, digging his groinsaw into the beast's abdomen and letting the spray of viscera wash over his elfin space armor. The skulls' eye sockets on his shoulders grew brilliant with an infernal cast and vomited a bolt of light through an astronaut; he was thrown back against the deathwall, his flesh boiling in another dimension.

Harry slapped Dobby, who giggled.

Harry reminded himself to kill himself later.

"Master, look out!"

Dobby's groinsaw screamed as it flew off the armor, rocketing through the air like an early dream of mankind. It flew through three astronauts who dropped their hellspears as the saw cut a hole in the ground beneath them so they fell to hell and the demonic spheres rape them to this day, boys and girls.

CHAPTER 2: FUCKSLAYER

"Now, Dobby."

Dobby knelt before his master.

Harry withdrew his guitar, Fuckslayer, from a dimension where all screamed for naught.

Wrought from the silver heart of heaven's false promise, laced with vessels that pulsed with angel's menstrual blood, hewn from the horns of Satan's generals, it laughed as it was set loose, a laugh that only Harry could hear, but no one could share.

Harry swung the guitar through Dobby's chicken neck. He took the head of his fallen dwarfs slave and tore open his stomach, stuffing the head inside. Harry vomited steam and summoned a great meteor from space to smash into Hogwarts and kill everyone there, for no reason at all. A vision then appeared. It was Dumbledore, entombed in his cursed mummy armor, calling Harry from his Moonbase which wasn't on a moon.

"Harry, you must rock the fuck out."

Harry channeled his rage through Fuckslayer. The angel blood boiled as he summoned the great meteor, swathed with the blood of the tiny fucklings at Hogwarts, leapt onto it, and flew into space. He encased the entire meteor in a wreath of holy fuckfire and flew through Mercury, killing the fuck out of it. Then he sent Mercury's carcass into Venus, killing the fuck out of it and making every vagina in the galaxy explode, and inside every vagina a booby sang of mortal life's fleeting precipice.

Harry then did fly his meteor through space, punching astral vampires in half with his fists encased in fuckfire and throwing their ruined heads into the past where they bit cavemen on mars so that history changed and now there are vampire cavemen on mars. Harry received another vision from Frumblegore, who was having tea and chumpits with the president of Pangea.

"Care to have tea, Harry?"

"You know how I hate chumpits."

CHAPTER 3: FAGGART OF THE SUNS

Harry slammed his book shut. It wasn't really a book, because the pages were made of lasers and the words were made of headless women making godless love to dragons made out of motorcycles, but it was still reading.

"Gumbledorp, if you don't stop, we'll starve, and no one will be around to kill everyone in the universe if we get around to bringing everyone back to life after we killed them."

"I am no longer Scrumblegort."

The ancient man dropped some of the planets he was juggling.

"The worlds have shifted. I am Dumblecop, of the Darkmeal."

He flexed one of his legs, which was made of pistols, and kicked a planet in half.

"Bugger your Darkmeal, faggart of a thousand suns."

Dumblecop sniffed.

"And what of it? Is it a sin, should a man feel like faggarting a sun or a thousand? Why should the suns heave through the void, if not to be skewer't bypon ourn fagpoles?"

Harry cast a glance at the book. Unsavory sounds emanated from a particularly damned chapter. He was hungry. He looked at a nearby cup. It had a faded brown film on the bottom. He thought about chumpits.

CHAPTER 4: SURF NINJAS

Harry had found some food. It was guarded by three and a million thousand surf ninjas, for it was the last food on Surf Ninja Moon X. The ecology had been decimated by surf ninjas, so the last food was a cabbage and mustard sandwich. Harry squatted in the ruins of a castle which had been many skulls arranged to resemble one large one. It had been poorly done, with the cheeks fading into an amateurishly executed jaw line. The silent killers of the night had negated their innate advantage by only plying their craft on surf boards. During the day.

Harry was about to eat his cabbagewich when a man in a tuxedo appeared from behind nothing much. He stood ten feet tall and his head seemed wrapped in unwrappable darkness.

"I am Rape Radbury. I write critically acclaimed fiction that always turns into fact. That's why I have more money than anyone."

Harry dug a bit of cartilage out of the cabbagewich and continued chewing.

"Would you care to discuss one of my books? I hear that my..."

Harry fished out another bit of cartilage. It was a cartilage and mustard sandwich.

"You shouldn't believe what everyone says about me. I took a shower with my cousin, once. And I have racist thoughts."

A nibbet of yellow cartilage landed on Rape's shoe. He thought about his cousin.

CHAPTER 5: THE INQUISITION

The inquisitors were torturing Harry.

First, Ignatius used the rock.

Then Billy asked Harry if he wanted to read his BDSM blog. Harry was so surprised that his pants flew right off. He was wearing women's underpants.

The inquisitors were wearing them, too.

They realized that they were all men of the lord.

CHAPTER 6: THE RAPE APE

Harry awoke to the throaty grumble of a rape ape.

Not a rape ape, but the rape ape, the last of his kind after the subjugation of the rapeforest. His people once graced the canopy, their penile digits proudly grasping the vines as they swung through the night, their hundreds of sweaty simian dongs trailing a now-fetid memory in the rape ape's watering eye. As his ocular ducts began to well with ancestral pride, so too did the countless meaty members sprouting from the rape ape's every hairy inch. From his eye sockets, ear holes, even his calloused toes, a penile font of cry-juice birthed a deluge.

Harry observed this with consternation, as he was tied to a table. Neither magic nor supracosmic strength would free him from his bonds. Had this creature access to an unknown material of deistic strength? Or did the rape ape have a secret yet more baffling?

Harry squinted so he could see the subatomic strings of the ropes. He began tossing antimatter at them with his mind as a group of children entered the rape ape's hiding place. They were well-groomed and impeccably attired, and there were 5.8 of them, just enough to represent an array of genders and races that would leave no one unhappy, save for the Eskimos. They were on their own, as far as the rape ape was concerned.

"Why do you cry, rape ape?" asked child 3.2.

The rape ape, unwilling to hide its greasy primate cock tears, hung its head, and gravity coaxed the eye wangers downward. It tied them together into a bow atop its head, to be pretty for its guests.

"We are bound in this ligature of lingam, brother rape ape," said child 4.6.

The children surrounded rape ape, holding their hands, and began to sing. Harry was transfixed as he watched the children, gently swaying with the song, float skyward. The little ones began to orbit the rape ape, who was convulsing as though stricken by the seizure devil. As the song increased in tempo the childflesh bubbled and merged into a spinning wonder turbine. The fleshy kidmass sprouted hair and groin dribblers just like the rape ape, and sprayed confetti into skies of past and future, setting the constellations aflame with the opalescent of the perished rape apes. An explosion of color and hair left Harry Potter alone and still bound. He thought about sandwiches.

CHAPTER 7: SOMETHING SMELLS

Harry Potter awoke in a pit that reeked of hot sauce. He could feel viscous fluid under his fingernails, burning the tender skin. Everywhere were white bags bulging with foul product. They were diapers stuffed with chicken bones and hot sauce, their foul odor blossoming in the muffled dark. Harry's nostrils begged his brain for mercy. He flew upwards, away from the saucy mysteries below. The smell grew faint, calling him to return. Harry ignored their lies, flying beyond the lips of his prison. He was in a laboratory, with machines that had no purpose beyond blinking lights and soft hums.

"Hello, my boy son! You make a father so good!"

Harry had flown out of the nose of an old man. This man wore a white coat, yet was drawn by the hand of an idiot. His voice came not from his mouth, but from elsewhere, a sad attempt at humanity.

"I know you'll do so well! Now you choose!"

The man reached into his coat and laid out three diapers, each brimming with the spicy bones of the nose prison. He removed his head and stuck it on a spike on the counter, to keep it from rolling away. The diapers began to stir as creatures clawed out of bony wombs. Arrayed before Harry was a turtle, the reptilian body so frail that it seemed an afterthought to the shell, a bald weasel with toothpicks for legs, and a wrinkled thumb in a glass of water. The old man's head called out from the spike.

"Everyone has one! Make your best friends for life!"

Harry drank the glass of thumb water and spat the thumb at the old man's head.

CHAPTER 8: OUR FOUNDING FATHERS

Severus Snapplebottom began his life as a hand on which were perched each of the five first presidents of a country called America. The first two presidents, Geheb and Swonash, were turned into ashes by a passing wave of fast food regulation. Their ashes were consumed by children in various Wendy's establishments. Each plastic packet was a coffin for their memory, and no one knew their name, even though they were listed on the ingredient list. These children became soldiers in wars fought for control of who had all the bullets. Whoever shot the most bullets the fastest won.

The third president, Wahooley, went to a country that was nothing but a desert with half buried turkeys. Sometimes turkey butts were above the sand, sometimes a leg, or a head. Wahooley tripped and fell into a turkey head, where he was eaten and ordained as a rabbi. He was sent to trim the beards of 157 toads, whose beards were absorbing the water that was used for the next year's crop of shovels. Without these shovels, the peasants would be unable to shovel the ashes of their children from the bullet wars. Wahooley took these beards and formed a lasso. This lasso was a ropey wonder. He used it to tear off his penis and write the 13 commandments of America upon a passing eagle, in cock's blood:

- 1: You are stupid.
- 2: Baby, someone cut off my dick and wrote an America with it.
- 3: If a whale tries to sell you a pumpkin, don't.
- 4: Your head is an artifice. Throw it away, but don't let anyone see you do it or you'll be kicked out of school.
- 5: Always collect a ghost's shadow if it leaves one behind. It will be worth something someday.
- 6: Starbucks napkins are hereby the new currency, but only after they are smeared upon the corpse of a mule. The exchange rate will be 13 mules to one napkin.
- 7: Taxi cabs will be used to build a pyramid with 290 sides. It will be the white house, and the president will live there for 17 years at a time, while you eat your children's ashes on a bun.
- 8: On Father's day, you will enter an invisible box and be plunged into the ocean. There, you will enter an undersea candy store, but you will never have enough Starbucks napkins to get what you want.

9: It is all spam, all of it. Check the box and delete it. Now delete yourself, for you are spam.

10: All clocks will be inscribed with the entirety of the alphabet to save time. This is the alphabet:

6+7=A

14*12= B

16 - {eleventy two}= President Wahooley

And so on, until you reach the period, which is the end of the alphabet.

11: All previous constitutions were writ by false writers, whose passing eagles were inferior and whose cocks had fewer things in them. Accept only the American cockstitution.

12: Spend your adolescence as a duck, waddling in a circle, until you become an egg full of dust.

13. All time is a knotted ball. You can hide it anywhere in your body, and it is still time.

President number four, whose name was not a name, but a multitude of hot dogs in the shape of swastikas, decided that he would create the Gilded Age. This was a time in which every edge was embossed with a golden trim, like a wedding cake invented by Thomas Edison. All the women wore bonnets made of butter, and were picked up by their feet and spread on toast in the summer. It was all for naught, because this was not the toast of the righteous. It was a feeble toast, one which withered with the coming of the sun. Not even the crows would touch it, preferring the taste of mouldering poop water. But the crows were put in dresses and sold to the highest bidder, where they underwent liposuction.

President five disliked the conservative leanings of his brothers, so he became an infinite two-dimensional grid of pink and green squares. Each square had a vagina upon it. These vaginas each emitted a spear of light, upon which was skewered an endless succession of planets. Each carried a culture dedicated to a single sex act. The further down the skewer the planet was, the more orifices possessed by its denizens, and the more gymnastic their sexual culture. The worlds...

CHAPTER 9: CHOCOLATE RAIN

Harry Potter lay, dreaming. In his mind there is a hat, suspended. It comes unhinged, travelling beyond the dream. The hat finds a sunlit hill, studded with flowers and children gorging themselves on chocolate. Chewing faces are smeared with brown residue. Perched atop the hill on its brim, the hat is still. It rolls down the hill, skating between the chocolate-stuffed children. It comes to one child, and stops. Without chocolate, the child stares blankly at its neighbors, filled with emptiness. The hat points its empty bottom at the child and sprays a glittering beam of rainbows. They encircle the child's hands, transforming them into chocolate. Tears of joy streak down the child's smile as it begins eating its hands. The hat flies into the sky. The child waves a brown stump.

The hat ascends to a palace of clouds. Within, God, bearded and weeping, sits beside a mountain of tiny angels. One by one, he picks them up and tears off their wings. He then places them into separate baskets. The hat approaches god, and the rainbow is deployed. It encircles God's crotch. A giant chocolate phallus emerges from God's robes. Dropping his broken angel, he breaks off a piece of his candy member and smears it on his lips. With a chocolate-studded smile, he slowly raises his fist and gives the hat a thumbs-up.

The hat travels into space. It finds itself before the sun. It is a tiny dot before the immensity of the cosmic fire. The hat trembles. A tremendous rainbow issues forth, embracing the sun like a

wedding vow. The fire cools and deadens. A chocolate tidal wave roars from its poles and meets at the center. On earth, the skies blacken. The flowers turn to dust. Humanity expires silently, like an infant in its crib. The hat drifts through space, dreamless.

THIRTY MORE H'S by xandermartin98

CHAPTER 10: THE FATALITY OF HERMOINE

Harry then reached into Hermione's breast, ripping the blood-soaked pulsating heart from its socket. Grasping the heart in his hand, he took a delicious juicy bite out of it, chewed it up and swallowed it, feeling the blood flow through his digestive system. Then, Harry threw the broken heart into a nearby wood chipper, pouring the leftover bloody remains into a syringe and mercilessly injecting it into the withered folds of his scrotum.

"How does your girlfriend taste, master?" Hagrid asked.

"Like some pussy with ventricles." Harry replied.

Harry's demonic guitar, Fuckslayer, transformed into a fire-breathing motorcycle made out of space dragons with machine guns.

Using this ultimate instrument of badassery, Harry tore through the demonic zombie horde, harnessing the force of a thousand dragons to slay fucklings and people he didn't like. Hagrid got run over by Harry's Fuckcycle and was flattened into a zombie raccoon pancake. Harry thought about juice.

CHAPTER 11: DUMBLEDORE'S SATANIC CHURCH

Harry arrived at the church. There were laser beams shooting out of the blood-stained glass windows, and the church symbol had become a pentagram.

Harry observed the door. It was locked. Using Fuckslayer as a rocket launcher, Harry punched the rotten wooden door, shattering it into a million pieces. The inside of the church was shrouded in darkness.

Harry used his fuckfire to light the barely visible torches. Suddenly, an elderly man appeared. It was Dumbledore, entombed in his cursed, bloody, blood-splattered, blood-dripping, bleeding, skeletal mummy armor, with blood-red tears ejaculating from his eye sockets. His mummy armor was rusted from both the rain and the blood.

"Harry, what have you done?" Dumbledore asked, coughing up his brain and snorting it back up his nose. "I am rapidly becoming a zombie. You must realign the stars. Until then you are banished to this post-apocalyptic planet, Earth."

"But Bumblesnorf," Harry angrily replied, "I told you! There will be no one left to kill everyone in the universe if we get around to bringing everyone back to life after we killed them!"

"I am now Crumblegore." Zomblefore replied, beginning to lose his identity. "Make your prayers to Satan and be on your way."

Harry made his prayers to Satan, squirting Hermione's beautiful blood through his urethra and watching it fill the devil's sacrificial pot. The windows shattered, and a mysterious voice started counting down.

"Ten..." Harry began to run.

"Nine..." Harry continued running. The church had suddenly become longer than he remembered it.

"Eight..." Harry sweated and continued sprinting as his sweat burned holes through the floor.

"Seven..." Harry sensed that the floor was crumbling behind him, and the heat was becoming sweltering.

"Six..." Harry suspected that the pit under the floor led straight to Hell and continued blazing forward.

"Five..." Harry fished Ronnie Ron's testicles out of his sandwich, spat out another eyeball, and

continued chewing.

"Four..." Harry swallowed his pride.

"Three..." Harry's shoes became rocket-powered jet skates as he flew forward.

"Two..." Harry felt his gut clenching as the hand of Satan nearly gripped him.

"One..." Harry flew through the door, feeling his sanity escape him.

"Zero..." Just as Harry escaped through the door, the entire church burned down, leaving a lake of screaming lava in its wake.

Harry thought about cupcakes.

CHAPTER 12: THE GRAVEYARD

Channeling the power of Fuckslayer into his muscles, Harry threw Hagrid's zombified roadkill corpse into the crater. The lava boiled as he summoned the great meteor, swathed with the blood of a thousand zombie fucklings. Lava splashed out as Harry fled using his jet skates.

Harry's sacrifices had pleased the devil, and a strange-looking lava figure suddenly leaped from the ruined crater.

"Hello, my name is Frank Ucking Lava. How do you do?" Frank melted into a lava puddle, setting the stars ablaze with constellations of epic failures. Harry facepalmed hard enough to nearly crush the skull of his forehead.

Arriving at the graveyard, Harry rocked the fuck out. Demons' souls began to shit poop into the atmosphere, while angels' souls were busy being...whatever the fuck angels' souls are.

Harry swung Fuckslayer through Voldemort's tombstone, slicing it, dicing it, and making julienne fries out of it. Suddenly, Voldemort was standing behind Harry.

"Hello, Harry." Voldemort greeted him.

"What do you want?" Harry asked, clenching his anus.

Voldemort had a brief spleen cramp, then continued speaking. At least he was about to until one of his eyeballs started hanging out of its socket. Voldemort stuffed it back in and continued speaking. At least he was about to until he accidentally swallowed three of his rotten teeth.

Voldemort ripped one of his toenails off, drank his toe blood, coughed up black slime, extracted the bloody pus from his pimples, picked the hairy boogers out of his nose, sucked out his earwax through a straw that was covered with vomit, and continued speaking. At least he was about to until one of his mucus-clogged lungs fell out of his moldy ribcage.

"What the fuck?" Harry wondered. "None of the other zombies aged this badly."

"You fool!" Voldemort yelled. "That zombie wasn't the real me! I am immortal!"

Harry thought about canned spinach.

CHAPTER 13: VOLDEMORT'S ARSENAL

Harry was shocked when he saw what had happened. Voldemort was completely naked, with no clothes on. As Voldemort descended the staircase from heaven as he does every night for a glass of blood, Snape and Lupin filmed him on video camera. Lupin was masticating to it, and as his gloriously gay and cheerful orgasm exploded with all the white stuff of the Milky Way, Snape marveled at how gay Lupin really was.

"MY IMMORTAL..." Lupin fetishized as flesh-eating zombie weasels clawed his face off.

Snape transformed into a versatile snake and slithered into Voldemort's unprotected anus, literally biting Voldemort's ass as he quickly tunneled his way deeper and deeper inside. He traveled all the way from the ass to the mouth. He made a beeline through Voldemort's right nostril faster than Voldemort could sneeze.

Snape the snake had reached Voldemort's behavioral control center. Yes, Voldemort's brain. He peed on it and was shocked nearly to death, also knocking Voldemort out for a few seconds. While Voldemort was down, Snape bit into his spongy brain. "Tastes like chicken." Snape thought. But then the brain's defense systems reactivated, firing laser beams and frying Snape into a snappy crisp.

"Voldemort!" Harry yelled. "Show me what you've got!"

Voldemort harnessed the unique power of Weird AI as he spoke.

"I've got allen wrenches, gerbil feeders, toilet seats, electric heaters, trash compactors, juice extractors, shower rods and water meters,
Walkie-talkies, copper wires, safety goggles, radial tires, BB pellets, rubber mallets, fans and dehumidifiers,
Picture hangers, paper cutters, waffle irons, window shutters, paint removers, window louvers, masking tape and plastic gutters,
Kitchen faucets, folding tables, weather stripping, jumper cables, Hooks and tackle, grout and spackle, power foggers, spoons and ladles,
Pesticides for fumigation, high-performance lubrication, metal roofing, water proofing, multi-purpose insulation,
Air compressors, brass connectors, wrecking chisels, smoke detectors, tire gauges, hamster cages, thermostats and bug deflectors,
Trailer hitch demagnetizers, automatic circumcisers, tennis rackets, angle brackets, Duracells and Energizers,
Soffit panels, circuit breakers, vacuum cleaners, coffee makers, calculators, generators, matching salt and pepper shakers..."

Harry used Fuckslayer's forcefield spell to block the random shit that Voldemort threw at him, but the sheer amount of random shit that was thrown at the forcefield caused it to explode, creating a mushroom cloud.

Harry thought about bananas.

CHAPTER 14: DRACO'S MODERN LIFE

Standing in the eye of the nuclear storm, Harry observed Voldemort's steel-plated body.

"I am a cyborg now." Voldemort explained. "Also, I AM GOD!" He shot lightning from his fingertips, electrocuting Harry.

"Yeah? Well, I'M STILL HUMAN!" Harry yelled. Using Fuckslayer as a flamethrower, Harry fried Voldemort's circuits until they resembled burnt bacon. Harry hissed for dramatic effect, unaware that he was being watched.

"Check it out, bro!" Draco addressed Lucius, who had just finished blending puppies, kittens and children into a smoothie-like mixture.

"What is it?" Lucius asked.

"It's that overpowered fool Harry." Draco asked. "Little does he know, soon we will overpower

HIM!" Draco cackled evilly, stroking his fiddle which was known as Freakslayer.

"Hey Lucius, would you mind giving me a foot massage?" Draco asked.

"Ugh...yes..." Lucius groaned. "I enjoyed perhaps the first ten times you made me do this over the past three days, but I am growing sick of it. Say, where's the evil medicine?"

"What? My feet smell like roses." Draco argued.

"They do not!" Lucius argued back. "Go take a shower, for Lucifer's sake!"

Draco took all of his clothes off, revealing his armored half-skeletal body with the penis still intact, and went to the washroom for a shower. As he closed the black curtain and turned the bloody knob, blood began to spray from the nozzle. Draco cleansed himself of any redeeming qualities, soaking himself with the blood, drinking it in, and scrubbing himself using his shampoo and body wash, which were both made from people's souls. All the while he was humming a song about how evil he was.

Harry noticed a camera floating above him. Throwing Fuckslayer like a bladed boomerang, Harry sliced the camera in two.

"Damnit!" Draco yelled while brushing his teeth with children paste. "I wanted to see him kill more motherfucking zombies!"

Harry thought about stinky cheese.

CHAPTER 15: DARTH LUCIUS

Draco walked back out into the living room with his flesh towel wrapped around him, greeting Lucius.

"Hey Lucius!" Draco addressed him. "Harry killed our fucking camera! Now what'll we do?"

"I have something to tell you, Master." Lucius said with a hint of irritation.

"What is it, my inferior minion?" Draco asked, gargling and spitting a mixture of saliva and blood all over Lucius's face.

"Harry never told you what happened to your father." Lucius began.

"He told me enough!" Draco spat. "He told me you killed him!"

"No." Lucius corrected Draco. "I AM YOUR FATHER."

"WHAT? NO! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THAT CAN'T BE TRUE! NO WAY!" Draco whined.

"Well, it is." Lucius assured him, drawing out his lightsaber and circumcising the fuck out of Draco's penis.

Draco screamed like a little girl. His scream was so high-pitched that it actually shattered the windows. Pieces of the glass windows flew into his eyeballs, and he screamed in pain as blood sprayed from his eye sockets. Lucius then beheaded Draco, took Draco's head in his hand and crushed it. After watching the blood gush from Draco's chicken neck, Lucius kicked Draco, who toppled off the edge of the balcony and fell to hell, and the demonic servants rape them to this day, boys and girls.

Harry thought about strawberries.

CHAPTER 16: BUSTING DOWN THE DOORS

Harry noticed the commotion off in the distance. Using all of Fuckslayer's power, he teleported himself to the castle's front gate.

"Open sesame, motherfucker." The gate opened.

Keeping his body perfectly straight, Harry performed a midair sideways barrel roll with Fuckslayer gripped tightly in his outstretched arms. Using this stunt with all of Fuckslayer's power channeled into it, he flew across the moat and drilled a hole right through the drawbridge.

"I see I have met my match." Lucius observed, grabbing Freakslayer, which rightfully belonged to him.

Harry shoulder-charged into the front door, throwing all of his weight against it and sending it sliding ten feet down the hallway.

"Holy shit!" Lucius exclaimed. "This boy's power level is over nine thousand! He must have sold his soul in exchange for such ungodly power!"

Harry climbed the staircase. Using Fuckslayer as a club, he beat the shit out of the Cerebus, knocked all three of its heads unconscious, shattered all three of its skulls, and ate all three of its brains while laughing maniacally.

Climbing the next staircase, followed by another staircase, and then ten more staircases after that, Harry kicked open the door to Lucius's royal headquarters on the top floor.

"You call yourself a man?!" Harry yelled.

"What is a man?" Lucius implored, his cursed fiddle burning with a passion nearly as devilish as Fuckslayer's. "A miserable little pile of secrets! But enough talk! Have at you!" Lucius teleported over 100 millimeters from his throne to the floor, and the battle began.

Harry thought about moon pies.

CHAPTER 17: AWESOMENESS OVERLOAD

Harry's guitar clashed with Lucius's lightsaber, sending the blade flying who-knows-how-many meters through the air and hitting an airplane off in the distance. "They still make those?" Harry wondered.

"Oh, for fuck's sake..." Lucius groaned angrily, pulling out Freakslayer. "This will be a battle of guitar versus fiddle! MAY THE MOST BADASS MUSICAL INSTRUMENT WIN!"

Harry shredded like the blades of Hell on his guitar, firing a laser beam made out of explosions. Lucius played a faster version of the intro to Through The Fire And Flames on his fiddle, firing a laser beam made out of nine hundred ninety-nine percent rainbow power.

The beams clashed like this for several hours before a fly flew into the center of the void, causing everything within a one-thousand mile radius of the castle to explode. Harry and Lucius were sent flying straight up into outer space, their demonic curse armor rapidly losing energy.

Harry thought about pizza.

CHAPTER 18: THE END OF LIFE AS WE KNOW IT

Flying through space at speeds mankind cannot even begin to fathom, Harry summoned an asteroid, calling all of Fuckslayer's remaining power to his aid. He encased the entire asteroid in a

flarestorm of holy fuckfire and flew into Lucius, killing the fuck out of him. Then he sent Lucius's carcass into Mars, killing the fuck out of it and making every hope for humanity explode, and inside every bomb shelter a hobo sang of mortal life's fleeting precipice.

Harry then did fly through space, punching planets in half with his fists encased in fuckfire and throwing their ruined pieces into the Sun, so that orbits changed and now there are no moons orbiting Earth.

As Earth slowly drifted into the Sun, Harry was having water and crumpets on a raft with the president of Antarctica.

"Care for some boiling-hot water, Harry?" Rape Radbury asked.

"You know how I hate crumpets." Harry replied.

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